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An English weight-lifter, J. C. Price, has recently beaten all records by lifting 430 pounds with his right hand and 407 with his left.

## The Vital Flame

### A Stirring Serial of Primitive Passions

#### by May Christie

CHAPTER LXXIII.  
Marcella rose, with dignity. This was going much too far.

"You forget yourself. I should be glad if you would go."

Leonie gave an angry titter like an infuriated bantam.

"I won't go, until I've said my say. Treman was mighty fond of you, though what he saw in you I'm blessed if I know—except that you were sharp enough to play fast-and-loose with him, and he wasn't accustomed to that in women. They mostly spoil him. But—lowering her voice, and coming a step nearer the other—"what I want to know is, why did you let the engagement continue right up to the very day before the wedding? What was the idea, pray?"

Marcella was so astounded at the girl's insolence that she could not find her voice for a reply. The other went on, rapidly:

"You may say it's no business of mine, but I intend to make it my business. Sly little cats like you ought to be exposed. Confess, now, Treman had some sort of hold on you? Isn't that so?"

Marcella started. This abominable girl was getting near the truth. The other saw that her snot had told.

"Treman had a hold on you," she continued triumphantly. "You first of all played him, to get all you could out of him. No, don't interrupt. That isn't the important part. But what is important, comes later. Tell me—her eyes narrowed like a cat's—"tell me where you were at the time of the murder?"

"I will tell you nothing. You have no right to come here, like a detective."

Leonie gave a jeering laugh.

"All right; but don't forget I know a thing or two. I'm fond of Miles Holden, soft and silly as he is. And I don't intend that he shall go to the electric chair for this, if

I can help it."

She stood for a moment uncertainly, then she said, in a different tone of voice:

"Why not own up? It's bound to come out at the inquest, anyhow. 'I don't understand you.'"

"Yes, you do. It's bound to come out, where you work."

With sudden recollection, Marcella thought of the queer rustling in the bushes late last night, when Miles and she had had their lovers' rendezvous! Had Leonie Day spied on them? Had she hidden herself in the undergrowth in the little wood, and watched, and listened?

Little did she really guess what was occurring in the other's mind.

The coroner's court was crowded. Long queues of people waited outside for admission.

Marcella, seated in the body of the court with Lady Warrington, felt as in some dreadful dream.

At a desk on a platform that headed the room sat the coroner, facing the assembly. To the left was the jury, on long benches. There was a table out in front, with some men sitting at it. Marcella had no notion who they were.

She felt desperate with apprehension. How would it go?

And yet—underlying her fear for Miles—these was queer excitement that buoyed her up.

The coroner was speaking. Marcella could scarcely comprehend the meaning of the words. "Deceased. . . . 'tragedy'. . . . 'shocking discovery'."

The police evidence and the doctor's came first. All the gruesome details were unfolded. Then Graves, the butler, in the witness box, telling all he knew, and greatly flustered.

Across the court, the sharp eyes of Leonie Day were watching Marcella.

There was no getting away from

### ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barto

The Floating Powders.

The magic teapot poured out four vanilla ice cream sodas into the four empty glasses and the Twins and Daddy Gander and the peddler drank them all up to the last drop.

And then something very queer happened.

Nancy felt as though she had swallowed a wind-bag, and Nick felt as though he had swallowed a balloon and Daddy Gander felt as though he'd swallowed—I don't know what.

They felt so queer and so light they couldn't keep their feet on the ground.

Their feet began to dangle and then they knew that they had left the earth and were moving right up through the air.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old peddler. "I put some floating powders into your soda water so you'd go away and never come back to Yum Yum Land. If you had stayed, no doubt you'd be wanting my magic teapot and as it is all I have left, I'd like to keep it. Good-bye! Give my love to the Man-in-the-Moon."

"Oh, dear!" cried Nancy. "I wonder where we are going now!"

"Oh, dear!" said Daddy Gander. "It's dreadful to be up in the air without the magic dust-pan to sit on. One never knows how long the magic powders will last. If they give out we'll go down like sky-rocket sticks."

"I'm not afraid," said Nick. "The cook's up here somewhere in the sky, too. Perhaps we'll find the fork and the dust-pan."

"Why, I never thought of that," said Nancy suddenly. "He'll let the air out of the bread-sponge in the

House-That-Jack-Built and we can take it back to Pippin Hill and give it to Jack and Jill and Mrs. John. Won't that be happy?"

"Yes," said Daddy Gander dimly. "But who is going to let the air out of us? You can't stick us with a fork. If something doesn't happen we'll be sailing around up here in the air until we turn into stars."

"But, my dears, we shall have to leave Nancy and Nick and Daddy Gander sailing around in the air, talking to each other. They weren't a bit uncomfortable so it didn't hurt them a bit to be there."

Down in Yum Yum Land the king was back on his throne, and it wasn't so bad to be king again because the Lord High Counsellor and the Prime Minister, and the Keeper of the Bird-Cages, had all learned to cook a little, and when it came dinner time, the king's meals were served in the dining room at the palace the same as usual. One can always get along without cooks if one has to.

And the peddler was very happy as he went down the road to Yum Yum Land in his old duds, because he had a new idea. With his magic teapot he would start a lemonade-pop-soda-water stand and make a fortune.

But the cook! You haven't any idea what had happened to him, after he disappeared in the clouds like a speck of dust, have you?

He had spied the House-That-Jack-Built up on a cloud and was going straight toward it on the magic dust-pan.

(To Be Continued.)  
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Cod Liver Extract In Sugar Coated Tablets Put On Flesh and Build Them Up

In just a few days—quicker than you ever dreamed of—these wonderful health building, flesh creating tablets called McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets will start to help any thin, underweight little one.

After sickness and where rickets are suspected they are especially valuable.

Most people know that from the livers of the lowly codfish vitamins of the first class are extracted—the kind that help all feeble underweight men, women and children.

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A very sickly child, age 9, gained 12 pounds in 7 months.

Ask Jas. B. McLeod, Mahood's Drug Store, Brantford's Drug Store, or any druggist for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—as easy to take as candy and 60 tablets, 60 cents.

those curious, condemning eyes. Were they condemning? What did the odd light in them express?

But Marcella did not care. The girl hated her, of course. What did she matter?

Miles! How would it fare with him? That ghastly chain of evidence.

She could think of nothing, see nothing properly, until Miles was in the box.

The ruthless questioning! He had been the last person known to have visited the dead man. At what hour? He gave it.

What had been the reason of his visit? what answer would he make to that?

Quintotic to a point, Miles had determined not to drag the name of Marcella into the inquiry. His answer was distressingly vague. Business!

What business? Of a private nature!

There had been a quarrel, hadn't there?

Well, not exactly. A small dispute (Graves' evidence had born that out.) Quite a quarrel, wasn't it? Miles hesitated. Miss Myrtle Johnston, of Renfrew spent a few days at her home here. Miss Belle Cunningham has again returned to take charge of Mud Lake school.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Massey from Detroit are visiting the parental home here. Miss Irene Hermer, Ardoch, spent a week with her cousin, Miss Constance Hermer.

Miles didn't know. Had no idea. He had lost the revolver, some time back. . . couldn't quite remember where. Oh yes, he first discovered its loss the last time he was in the States. . . or maybe on board ship. . . he wasn't certain. . .

Marcella could see the bad impression deepened on the jury's faces. Miles' nervousness lest her name should be dragged to the light of day—their midnight rendezvous in the woods—that any possible aspersion should be cast upon the girl she loved—these fears made him hesitate, and weigh his words unadvisedly, so that his natural frankness and honesty of manner seemed at a discount.

He admitted leaving the house by the window, which was open. Related in the cold light of the coroner's court, with hostile eyes upon him, there seemed no adequate explanation of that proceeding.

"I wanted to get away at once. It was a short cut," he repeated lamely.

A little sigh, as of disbelief, went round the crowded room.

"And you admit that this is your revolver?"

"Yes."

"You did not drop it in the grass near the window?"

"No. No. I tell you I had no weapon of any sort when I went to the house. I haven't seen that revolver in months."

"Then isn't it rather a strange coincidence that you should have passed within a few feet of the very place where, later, it was found lying?"

(To Be Continued.)

### RADIO

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

EDKA (309.1) Pittsburgh. 9.45 a.m.—Markets. 2.30 p.m.—Baseball scores every half hour.

5.30—Flotilla Club concert. 6.15—Baseball scores. 8—Westinghouse Band concert. 9.35—Baseball scores.

WJZ (455) New York. 6.05 p.m.—Waldorf Astoria orchestra. 9.30—Astor Roof orchestra.

WEAF (492) New York, N.Y. 12.45-1.45 p.m.—Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra. 2-5—Dance orchestra. 6-6—Farrell's Orchestra. 7—Waldorf-Astoria music. 7.30—John Quinn, harpist. 7.45—Milton Gershen, pianist. 8—Savoy Bearcat's Orchestra. 9—Musical comedy hits. 10—Bernie's Orchestra. 11-12—Rolle's Orchestra.

WGY (379.5) Schenectady, N.Y. 6.30 p.m.—Shea's Buffalo Hour. 9.30—Dance programme.

WBB (333.1) Springfield, M. 5.05 p.m.—Dinner music. 5.30—Dinner music. 6.05—Capitol Orchestra.

8—Hercules Zenopoulos, Hawaiian Guitar. 8.30—Westminster Orchestra. 9—Musical programme.

WSAI (826) Cincinnati, O. 8.30 p.m.—The Bicycle sextet. 9.30—Musical programme.

WLW (422.3) Cincinnati, O. 7 p.m.—Organ concert. 7.30—Sekatory Hawkins Club. 8—Organ concert. 8.30—Week-end Serenaders. 9—Castle's dance music.

WENB (266) Chicago. 6-7 p.m.—Rauland-Lyric Trio. 8-10—All American Pioneers. 12-3—Midnight Frolic.

KYW (538) Chicago. 5 p.m.—The Bedtime story. 5.30—Congress dinner concert. 6—American family hour. 7—Congress musical programme. 8.30-9.30—Edison classical concert.

WBAL (246) Baltimore, Md. 6-6.30 p.m.—Sandman circle. 6.30-7.30—Dinner orchestra. 7.30-8—Jubilee Singers. 8-9—Musical programme. 9-10—WBAL ensemble.

Complete radio programmes sold at Canada Radio Stores.

### NEWS FROM OMAHA

A Young People's Society Has Been Organized.

Omah. Sept. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. M. Hermer, Mrs. Edward Watson and Mr. William Cox motored to Kingston on Friday for a trip. Miss Gladys Webbs and Mr. Wallace Cramm, of Montreal, spent the weekend at James Woods'. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prosser and family, of Lachine are at present visiting in this vicinity. School has reopened with Miss Catharine Lauber filling position as teacher.

A young people's society has been organized by Mr. McIntosh. The officers were elected on Thursday night and preparations are being made for a successful society. Miss Greta Dunham returned on Saturday from Detroit, Mich., where she has been visiting friends.

An enjoyable time was spent at E. Watson's on Monday evening when Mrs. Watson entertained a few of her friends. Miss Myrtle Johnston, of Renfrew spent a few days at her home here. Miss Belle Cunningham has again returned to take charge of Mud Lake school. Mr. and Mrs. E. Massey from Detroit are visiting the parental home here. Miss Irene Hermer, Ardoch, spent a week with her cousin, Miss Constance Hermer.

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